

285

*Tbrenodium Apollinare.*

13557

---

TO THE  
MEMORY

Of the Right Honourable

PHILIP

LATE

Earl of LEICESTER.



---

*Sapiens dominabitur Astris.*

---

LONDON:

Printed in the Year, MDCXCVIII.

~~42~~

(41)

Therapeutic

Э П Т О Т

Office: Right: 10/10/10

PHILADELPHIA

ATA

East of the Electric

# TO THE M E M O R Y

## OF THE L A T E Earl of Leicester.

**G**reat *Hospitable* **R O O F**, thy Walls so Fair,  
Once **WITS** whole *Pantheon*, and their **LORD**.  
(shin'd there;

There the glad *Muses* smil'd, and sung, and play'd;  
There their whole *Winters Suns*, and *Summers Shade*:  
Thy *Glories* now to rueful *Sable* turn,  
No cheerful *Lights*, but *Funeral Tapers* burn:  
For, oh, in *Dust* must now the lost *Thalia* mourn.

In common *Themes*, when the *Castalian Choir*,  
For some sad *Airs*, string up their mournful *Lyre*;  
No more than an *Obsequious well-tun'd Woe*,  
The warbling *Murmurs* there, all *Artful Numbers* flow.  
But to their Great *MÆCENAS*, to that Dear,  
Lov'd, Honour'd, Ador'd *HEAD*, the *Genuine Tear*,  
And the *unmeasur'd Grief's* all melting *Nature* here.

What

What warmer *Sighs* the Eloquent *Sorrow* draws,

Not where it *Pleads*, but where it *Feels* the Cause:

So vast the Difference (a Zeal so fier'd)

'Twixt *Raptures* only Studied, and *Inspir'd*!

And when their *Plaint* the wailing *Muses* join,

At *Younger Heres*, some *Endimion's Shrine*;

As Mourning *Sisters* there they shed a Tear:

But oh, they come all Mourning *Daughters* here.

A longer *Train* their heavier *Sorrows* trail,

In darker *Cypress* and the shadier *Veil*.

*Pity* and *Love* may swell the weeping *Eye*;

A deeper *Fountain* does this *Stream* supply:

For here 'tis *Honour*, *Duty*, *Piety*.

Nay a yet stronger *Tie* calls the whole *Nine*,

To pay no common *Tribute* to this **SHRINE**:

*Science* and *Arts*,<sup>and</sup> every *Studied Grace*,

Th' *Hereditary Pride* of that *Learn'd Race*,

**LEIC'STER's** a Name *Renown'd* to that Degree,

The Homaging *Minerva* bends a *Knee*:

That Name in *Vassalage* the *Muses* leads:

The **SYDNETS** are *Apollinary Heads*.



But is't the *Muse* alone the *Cypress* wears,  
 Only the *Heliconian Fount* run *Tears* ?  
 His *Cavalcade* to that poor *Pomp* confin'd ?  
 No; the whole *Gown*, the *Robe*, the *Bays*, all join'd,  
*Wit*, *Politicks*, *States*, *Academies*, these,  
 His equal *Pupils*, equal *Nurseries*;  
 Down from the *Pilot* at the *Helm* Above,  
 Ev'n to the *Strephon* Songster of the *Grove*;  
 Of solemn *Grief* a long unbroken *Chain*,  
 Shall nobly fill his *Numerous Funeral Train*.  
 So mourn'd, the whole *Learn'd World* his *Rites* supplies,  
 He cantons *Provinces* for watry *Eyes* ;  
 Whilst their *Arrears* of *Sorrow* to defray,  
 'Tis *Pride* to owe, and *Gratitude* to pay.

But whilst this Great *GAMALIEL* sure was born,  
 Proud *Literatur's* whole spacious *Reign* to adorn;  
 Shall *WITS* vast *Empire*, that unbounded *Sway*,  
 The only *Tribute* to Great *LEIC'STER* pay?  
 The *Grateful Pen* alone commence his *Praise* ?  
 The *Pencil* too must His fam'd *Trophies* raise.  
 To *LEIC'STER* as his equal *GLORIES* Due,  
 The Great *Apollo* and th' *Apelles* too,

Her Lantſcape *Pallaces*, *Tow'rs*, *Seas* and *Land*,  
 The gilded *Stream*, and all the ſhaded *Strand*,  
 The *Pencils* whole CREATION, all her fair  
*Poetick Worlds* ſhall pay their *Homage* there.  
 Around him all his *Pentionary* Band,  
 Of *Renben's*, *Angelo's*, and *Raphael's* ſtand.  
 Ent'ring thoſe *Walls*, what an all dazling *Scene*  
 Does our *Surveying Wonder* entertain ?  
 At once amaz'd, and pleas'd, a Look we caſt  
 To *Glories*, back ev'n to whole *Ages* paſt.  
*Painting*, that *Monumental* *History*,  
 In whoſe *Records*, to every *Reading Eye*,  
 Neither the *Glorious* nor the *Beauteous* die.  
 In that rich *Tablet* ſee the *Lamwell'd Head*,  
 Ev'n wak'd from his long ſleeping *Honours Bed*,  
 There th' *Hero* ſee in all his glittering *Arms* ;-----  
 Here ſee ſome *Phoenix* *Beauty*, all her *Charms*,  
 Rais'd from her *Duſt* in *Deathleſs White* and *Red* !  
*Art* can give *Life* ! See the Great *Living Dead*.

If *Heav'n-ſtohn* *Fires* cou'd animate the *Clay* ;  
 What *Nobler Theft* the daring *Pencils* play ?  
 So much the bolder *Painter* does outfly  
 The old *Promethean* *Petty Larceny* ;

Not a poor Spark snatcht from his *Chariot* Wheels ;  
 Not steals from *JOVE*, but *JOVE* Himself he steals.  
 Him not the Skies Imperial *Rover* scapes ;  
 He hunts him thro' the *Gold, Swan, Bull, all Shapes* ;  
 The very *GOD* expos'd in all his *Amorous Rapes*.  
 Nay the still more Audacious *Riffler* pries  
 Into the inmost *Chambers* of the *Skies*.  
 He steals his very *JUNO* from his Arms ;  
 And with a *sacrilege* even yet more bold,  
 Unveils to Human Eyes the *Naked GODDESS* Charms,  
 And gives the *Trojan Boy* once more the *Ball of Gold*.

Illustrious *ART*, whom Ministring *Nature*, all  
 Thy *Handmaid*, waits on thy Commanding Call !  
 Like the Great *FIAT*, thou both *Day* and *Night*  
 Call'st forth, and deckst in their own *shades* and *Light*.  
 Ev'n *Heav'ns* whole *Hierarchy*, the *LORDS* above,  
 By Thee their whole *Triumphant Chariots* move,  
 From th' Harneſt *Dragon* to the Bridled *Dove*.  
*Mercurial Art*, who captiv'd *Eyes* to take,  
 Thou doſt a *Virtue* of *Deluſion* make ;  
 Thou only *Honeſt Coxener*, Fair *Deceit*,  
 Who canſt even conſecrate both *Theft* and *Cheat*.

Thine were the *Master-strokes* Great *LEICSTER* pleased,  
 And such the *Darling Arts* His *Favour* rais'd.  
 And thus if the *Dodona's* Grove, of Old,  
 From Tongueless *Oaks* cou'd *ORACLES* unfold;  
 An easier *Wonder* shall His *Fame* record,  
 Whilst speaking *Shadows* own their *PATRON Lord*:  
 The fair *Augusta's* their *MÆCENAS* greet,  
 And bend their *Towry* Foreheads at His Feet.

These were the *Beauties* which He lov'd so dear:  
 Nor shall his *Pencil-Glory* finish here.  
 In *Death*, 'tis true, with a disdainful Hand,  
 His poorer *Titian* Troop He does disband.  
 For now a nobler *Draught* must charm his Sight,  
*Prospects* of *BLISS*, all *Portraitures* more Bright,  
 Drawn by th' Immortal *LUKE's* Diviner Light.  
 And though his *Menial* *Muses* left behind,  
 He's gone, and more *celestial* *CHOIRS* has join'd;  
 All loftier Subjects, and sublimer Air:  
 'Tis Thou, *URANIA*, mak'st the *Musick* there.

Such Worthiest *LEICSTER* liv'd, and such He died!  
 So Shin'd his *Rising* and his *Setting* Pride.



But with that Penetrating WISDOM, WIT,  
*Depths* so profound, a HEAD and SOUL so Great ;  
 Th' unthinking World may wonder, that Sublime  
 And Towing *spirit* made no *Popular* Climb.  
 What tho' uncharm'd with Publick *Trust* and *Pow'r*,  
 To the gay glittering COURT he made no *Tour* :  
 Nor fond of busy *Tumult*, *Noise* and *Strife*,  
 He chose the gentler *Harmony* of Life ?  
 His whole *Ambition* his Own *Walls* contain'd ;  
 And quietly within *Himself* He reign'd :  
 Perhaps, with Nobler *Pride* he did despise  
 To Herd in crowded Courts, only to Rise,  
 No Higher Pitch, than shine in *Galaxies* :  
 Not made a *Part* (th' *Attendant* on a Throne ;)  
 His *sphere* of GLORY fill'd HIMSELF alone.  
 So fill'd ; that what cou'd a *Court-Feather* add  
 To His Rich *Plume* ? *Courts* but His *Levy* made.  
 Their Great Consulted *OEdipus*, HE fate  
 An ORACLE above the *Helm of State* :  
 Those Pilots taught, where He disdain'd to *steer*,  
 Whilst *Client Statesmen* came like travelling *Sheba's* here.

What tho' nor *Courts* nor *Camps* his Choice he made ;  
 But fixt his *Bow'r* beneath the *Olive Shade* ?

In Camps, indeed, does *Honour* truly shine :  
 But, oh! 'tis drawn to a *Gold Thred* so fine ;  
 The *Warrior* toils for *Fame* with all that *Pain*,  
 'Twixt Fifty *Thousand* Sharers, each a *Grain*.  
 'Tis true, those *Fragment* Bays His *Brow* ne're wore.  
 Such a *Divided* Portion was too poor :  
*Glory*, was *LEIC'STER's* *All* ; His own before.  
 That *Native* Stock of *Fame*, so all Entire,  
 Wanted no *Steel* to sparkle out her *Fire*.

In that *Recess* of Life, within his Own  
*Domestick Walls* He reign'd, and reign'd *Alone*.  
 His *Menial* Subjects led by so Divine a *Sway* ;  
 As *Angels* serve in *Heav'n*, 'twas *Glory* to Obey.  
 A *Glory* too like *Heav'n's*, no *Change* it knew ;  
 An Angel *Homage*, and their *Charter* too.  
 His *Smiles* were no blind *Lottery* of Chance.  
 For *Favour* there was an *Inheritance*.

This Life he chose ; and ought we judge no less  
 The *Merit* of his Choice, from the *Success* :  
 Such his long *Affluence* of *Happiness* ;  
 And all the pondrous *Harvest* he had reap'd :  
 To see the *Mass* Industrious **HONOUR** heap'd :

HONOUR that no *Columbus* Sail er'e furl'd;  
 He found His *Golden Mines* in the *Old World*.  
 Thus to behold the Prosperous *LEIC'STER* blest,  
 And weigh but by what *Title* He possest;  
 Here let our finish'd *Admiration* rest.

In all her *Random Gifts* of every *Day*,  
*Fortune* does there but the *blind* *Goddeſs* play.  
 But when ſuch *WORTH* does her beſt *Graces* ſhare,  
 She finds her *Eyes* to chooſe the *Favourite* there.  
 That *Darling* *Favourite* even rais'd ſo High,  
 He fix'd her very *Wheel*, and taught her *conſtancy*.  
 So did Great *LEIC'STER's* generous *Stars* diſpence  
 His juſt *Inheritance* of *Providence*;  
*Bleſſings* that ev'n by *claim* he did demand,  
 Not from the *Giving*, but *Rewarding* *Hand*.  
 Their *Faireſt* and the moſt *Propitious* *Ray*,  
 The *Grateful* *POW'RS* could do no leſs than pay.  
 He Charm'd 'em into *Smiles*.----So *Jove* of *Old*,  
 Firſt found the *BEAUTY*, and then ſhow'd the *GOLD*.

But whiſt the *Bleſſings* pour'd ſo high; the more  
 The *Flowing* *Tide*, and the *Encreaſing* *Store*,

*Riches*

*Riches* were there of that *Illustrious Rise*,  
 No *Nurse* of *Pride* nor *Child* of *Avarice*.  
 The fairest *Plumes* *Prosperity* cou'd bring  
 Gave but his *Charity* the *Lighter Wing*.  
*Ascending Charity*, Thy *Head* so crown'd,  
 Of *Jacob's Ladder* Thine's the *Highest Round*.  
 Bright *Charity* with thy *Mosaick Face*,  
 HEAV'NS and Great *LEIC'STERS* equal *Darling Grace*.  
 'Twas on thy *Wings* His pious *Transports* rod:  
 The noblest *Gratitude* t' a *smiling GOD*.

Thus whilst Great *LEIC'STER*, all he had to die,  
 In his *Paternal Bed* of *Rest* shall lie;  
*Marble* and *Epitaphs*, alas, shall raise  
 The meanest part of His *Recorded Praise*.  
 His *Trump* shall sound from the *Fed Months* He fill'd:  
 'Tis They the noblest *Mausoleum* build.  
*Reliev'd Distress*, and *Succour'd Miseries*,  
 Stand round his *Tomb* with uplift *Hands* and *Eyes*;  
 Those *Living Monuments* His *Pile* of *FAME* shall rise.

Thus whilst the more peculiar *Care* of *Heav'n*  
 To that *Lov'd Head*, those *lengthen'd Days* had given;



*LEIC'STER's* no *Start*, but *Travell'd Race*; and all  
 His *long long* *Life* makes but the *Rowling Ball*;  
 Does t' all the *full-blown* *Sweets* of *Goodness* rise,  
 And in his *Silver-beaded GLORY* dies:  
 Here let pretending *YOUTH* no longer plume  
 In all her *Juvenile* vain *Pride* and *Bloom*.  
 Tis true the *Spring-tide Flow'rs*, the *Sweet* and *Gay*,  
 Are the fair *Product* of the smiling *MAY*:  
 But for a worthier *Growth*, and solid *Root*,  
 The Richer *Crop* is all the *AUTUMN* *Fruit*.  
 What tho' the *Vigorous Health*, the *Nervier Arm*,  
 And all the *Sprightlier Heat* *Young Veins* may warm?  
 In *Chiller Blood* the warmer *VIRTUES* glow;  
 Whilst *Aetna-like*, the *Fire's* beneath the *Snow*.  
*AGE* to Fair *MINDS* adds but th' enlightning *Beam*:  
 The crazier *Casket* holds the brighter *Jem*.  
 No *Birdlime Senses* the clogg'd *Wing* hold down;  
 There the Full *Flight* of *SOULS* is all their *Own*.  
 And thus, as the *Almighty Founder* pleas'd,  
 Our *Humane Frames* from *Moulds* of *Clay* are rais'd;  
 Tis *Ripening Time* that best refines the *MAN*:  
 There wants the *Years* to raise the *Purcelane*.  
 Tho' th' *Honourable Load* of *Age*, despis'd  
 By *Giddy-headed Fools* be poorly priz'd:

As if Declining Years so low were run,  
 That ev'n their finish'd Work of Life were done !  
 If possible, the very *Nestor's* Age,  
 When truly scan'd, is but Life's *Middle* Stage.  
 The Reverend *Seer*, with the true *Janus* Face,  
 T' a long *past* Life behind, not th' *Half-way* Race,  
 To a vain *World* looks back, only to see  
 His longer *Way* before, ETERNITY.

And what tho' the rude *Aches*, *Gout*, *Catarrh*,  
 In Hoary Heads make their rough *Seat* of *War* ?  
 Perhaps to *Age* this is a *Favour* given,  
 To whet her for the greater *Gust* of *HEAV'N*.  
 She from *short Pains* does *Endless Joys* pursue,  
 All at the *Fairer* and more *Pleasing View* :  
 Whilst *tired* with *Life*, th' *ungrateful Load* resign'd,  
 She leaves a *Hated* not *Lov'd World* behind.

'Tis true, Translated *VIRTUE* to the Skies,  
 By the Rewarding *GODS* may in her *Nonage* rise ;  
 Whilst *JOVE* his *Starry Glories* does allow,  
 To *Junior* Favourites, the *Minor Brow*.  
 What though a *Constellation* does adorn  
 The *Cassiopea's* Chair, and *Hyla's Urn* ?

Let

Let the Great TREASURY dispense her *Jems*,  
 More or less Bright, from *Sparks* to *Diadems*.  
 To *Youth* or *Beauty* let their Claim be given,  
 Their *Legacies* of *Bliss*, and *Part* of *Heaven*.  
 The *Elder-Brother's* Birthright is His Share;  
 Exalted WORTH th' exalted *Prize* must bear:  
 He, like *Alcides*, brings His Finish'd *Labours* there.

And since the *Hour*, the fatal *Hour's* assign'd,  
 (For still the World must *lose*, that Heav'n may find : )  
 Say, in what Year shall th' English *Annals* tell,  
 That her dear LEIC'STER, her lov'd *PATRIOT*, fell?  
 In that blest *Æra*, when th' husht *Tempests* cease,  
 In fair *Britannia's* Jubilee of PEACE,  
 And all her smiling Carnival of *Joy*,  
 It looks as if He made his *Choice* to Die.  
 He liv'd to see the *ALBION Dove* bring o're  
 Her blooming *Olive* to our happy Shore;  
 Then lull'd in *Pleasures*, in that *Halcyon Nest*,  
 He laid Him down to *Everlasting Rest*.

F I N I S.

